tion.

Not satisfied with the search alluded to above, the authorities ordered another. It was generally believed that the old mill contained the secret of the merchant's death, for no one believed now that he was still alive. Calvin Tyler was released from jail, and ordered to direct the hunters, among whom, this time, was Gordon, the peacher.

the poscher.

The mill was searched systematically. The party began in the attic, and at last reached the cellar, where a terrible discovery awaited them. Barrels were opened, and the contents emptied upon the ground; long sticks were thrust into the ground, and the stone walls carefully underwind.

A man was found who happened to be slyly fishing in the mill race, before the mill, on the night of the 20th. He saw a man whom he recognized as David Marble, the merchant, approach the mill; and the miller met him at the door, and that the two men went into the structure, teacher.

trre together. After a while, the fisher saw a light in the mill, and heard a voice like the mil-ler's say, "We'll settle all our scores here." Then followed two deadening blows, and all was still. Up to 11 o'clock Mr. Marble did not

leave by the door be entered, but at that hour, Calvin Tyler came out alone, locked the door, and walked homeward. This, in brief, was the evidence of the fisher-

This, in brief, was the evidence of the fisher-man, a half-witted fellow, who said that his fear of being punished for stealing fish from the race had kept back the testimony. Other per-sons deposed to having seen the missing man going toward the mill; but the declaration of the miller, that he had departed by the back door, was not confirmed. No person had seen Marble after he had cutered the mill. "What is this?" exclaimed a fellow, moving a

"What is this?" exclaimed a fellow, moving a large box from a corner.

His companions were attracted by a cry, and saw what appeared to be loosened earth.

"That is where I buried my mill-dog," the miller said. "I told my family at the time, and many tears were shed over him, for he was a faithful animal."

"Let us see his remains. It will do no harm
—the digging up of him!"

The speaker was Gordon, the poacher, and
there was a look of triumph in his small, dark

eyes, but no one noticed it.

"Dig him up, poor Browser!" said the miller, and accordingly the men went to work.

Presently, one gave a lond exclamation of horror, and sprang back, saying:

"Good God! boys! Do you call that a dog!"

The hunters clustered about the excavation, and beheld a human hand, which the spade un

covered.

Calvin Tyler gazed for a moment at the horrible spectacle, and then started back with a white face.

"Hold him!" cried the leader of the party;

"Hold him!" cried the leader of the party;
"don't let him stir a foot now."

But the miller did not attempt to fly.
"Before God, I never buried anything in this
corner but my poor dog," he said, solemnly.
"For several minutes the spade threw the
earth out, and the body of a man was exposed.
The ghastly face was uptarted to the lanteru
light, and every one recognized it as that of Mr.
Marble.
"Bring him up and let him look into the hole!"

"Bring him up and let him look into the hole!"

"Bring him up and let him look into the hole!"
Calvin Tyler did not have to be led to the
grave. He walked forward with a firm step,
and beheld the sickening sight.
"It is David Marble," he said. "But God
knows I never put him there."

A moment later, he put his hand to his fore-

head, and recied from the grave with a faint cry.

"There's guilt for you!" said the peacher. 'I
don't believe that he ever buried a dog in this

"And the assizes will not believe it, either,"

said one of his companions.

The discovery in the cellar spread like wildfire, and the body was removed from its grave of gloom. The skull was found to have been

fractured by some blant and heavy weapon, which medical men said drove pieces of the skull into the brain, which produced almost in-

After the removal of the corpse from the mill, the grave was further searched, but the remains

After the removal of the corpse from the min, the grave was further searched, but the remains of no dog were found.

The miller of Tewkesbury was now in an unfortunate situation. Before the search, there were many who believed in his innocence; but now no one held to that opinion, and, foredoomed, the unhappy man went to his trial. It was in vain that his family testified to the miller's telling them of the death and burial of the dog three days previous to Marble's going to the mill; vain, too, the man's asseverations of his innocence. The finding of the missing man's corpse in the cellar—in the very corner where he had sworn to the interment of the dog—weighed most heavily against him; and he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung in chains.

But a petition, praying the high court to spare his family the deep disgrace that would forever attach itself to them, if the awful sentence was carried out, secured the punishment by decapitation, and the unlucky man was accordingly executed. He protested his innocence to the very last, and met his doom with much composure.

Composure.

Throughout the region round about Tewkesbury, it was universally believed that the guilty had been punished, and the honor of the law fully vindicated. It was noticed on the trial, that Sir Percy Hasket, a celebrated surgoon, gave it as his belief that David Marble had been dispatched by one blow, whereas the their

dispatched by one blow, whereas the thieving fisherman had sworn to having heard two dead-

ening blows in the mill, on the eventful night But the surgeon's evidence did not tend to help

the accused.

The miller had said that he broke in the hear

of a cask with two blows, in Marble's presence; but this explanation of the noise was not credit

Shortly after the miller's execution, his fami ly left Tewkesbury, and all traces of them be-came lost. The mill was shunned by the super-stitious, and another had to be erected to keep

the patrouage at home.

Although we have followed the miller of Tew

kesbury to his death, the story of the crime loss not end here.

Three years after the execution, the Earl of

Sudbury's gamekeeper fired at a poscher, and heard a sharp cry of pain. In the darkness, search for the thief proved unavailing, and the matter was dismissed from the gamekeeper's

my soul. God have mercy on my so

Thus was the truth finally told; but the inno-

cent had suffered for the guilty.

Justice had finally overtaken the poacher. In
the night, under the bank, he died, with the
crime of years on his soul, nushriven by priesta,
and, if we may believe, unforgiven by his God.

It was ordered that colors should be waved
over the miller's grave, in token of his innoceace.

MILLIONS for Southern charity, but not a dol-lar for Southern claims.—Norwelk Reflector.

ROSWELL GORDON."

eyes, but no one noticed it.

"What is this !" exclaimed a fellow, moving

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,110.

#### **VOLUME XXII.—NUMBER 18.8**

## tunate miller in a net-work of ultimate convic-

### Choice Loetry. OCTOBER.

BY LYDIA A. CALDWELL. The year grows splendid! on the mountain steep,
Now lingers long the warm and gorgeous light,
Dying by slow degrees into the deep,
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year, Rises the woods' magnificent array; Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear, And slope away.

The elm, with musical, slow motion, laves
His long, lithe branches in the tender air;
While from his top the gay sordello waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets neath the fern, Where Summer's fingers oped, fold after fold, The odorous, wild, red rose's heart, now burn The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill—the lowliest flowering herb— The fairest fruit of season and of clime— All wear alike the mood of the superb Autumnal time.

Now Nature pours her last and noblest wine!

Like some Bacchante beside the singing afreat
Reclines the enchanted day, wrapt in divine,
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are failing fast, Among the vales, beyond the farthest hill, There sits a shadow—dim, and sad, and vast— And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills— A voice that mourns among the haunted woods And with the mystery of its sorrow fills The solitades.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit and leaf, And doth her fairest festal garments wear, Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty abeaf Binds up the year.

# The mighty sheaf which never is unbound! The reaper, whom our souls beseech in vain! The loved, lost years, that never may be found, Or loved again!

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY J. P. IRVINE.

At last the toil-encumbered days are over, And airs of noon are mellow as the men; The blooms are brown upon the seeding clov And brown the silks toat plume the ripen

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing: The winds are low; the waters lie uncarled;

And vineyards wide, and farms along the valley Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves, Save round the barns the noise of rout and sally

Afar the upland glades are flecked in dapples By flecks of lambs a-gambol from the fold; And orchards bend betweath their weight of apples And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.

But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming, The turtle's nurmur from a distant dell, A drox sy bee in many tangles humming, The far, faint, tinkling tenor of a bell.

And now, from yonder beech-trunk, sheer and sterile. The rat-tat of the yellow-hammer's hill, The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel, A dropping nut, and all again is still.

## OCTOBER.

Oh, hessely swings the purpling vine,
The yellow maples flame before.
The golden tawney ash trees at and
Hard by our cottage door;
October glows on every cheek,
October shines in every eye,
While up the hill and down the dale,
Her crimson banners fly.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As, dyed in blood, the streaming vines appear.
While long and low the wind about them swi While long and low the wind about them gried.
The heart of Autumn must have broken here,
And poured its treasures out upon the leaves.

## Select Story.

### A CELEBRATED CASE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

When the list of men hung by circumstantial evidence is cempleted, the name of Calvin Tyler, the miller of Tewkesbury, will be found thereon. One hundred and two years have pass ed since occurred the particulars we are about to relate, and the mill which achieved such no

to relate, and the mill which achieved such no-toricty, long ago has been swept from existence by the breath of the fiery demon.

On the night of October 20th, 1775, as several persons affirmed on solemn oath, Calvin Tyler entered his family circle and said that the faithentered his family circle and said that the faith-ful watch-dag of the mill had died in a fit, and was buried in the cellar, whose walls were washed on one side by the water of the race. The miller furthermore said that the dog ex-hibited symptoms of having been poisoned, and when his daughter asked him if he suspected anyone, he said "No," and almost immediately went to hed.

This very simple occurrence—the death of This very simple occurrence—the death of a dog—was to be commented upon and very generally believed by the highest in that portion of the realm. One month afterward, Mrs. Marble gave notice to the proper authorities that her husband, a prominent merchant, had been missing for six-and-twenty days, and that she feared that foul play had befallen him.

The lady said that on the 20th of October her husband had left home at 8 o'clock in the even-

husband had left home at 8 o'clock in the even-ing, saying that he was going to Tyler's mill, the owner of which, Calvin Tyler, was to pay him £600 of borrowed money, and the interest thereon. With the intention of collecting the thereon. With the intention of collecting the debt, as she supposes, Mrs. Marble saw her hus-band quit the house; but his absence for the following several days occasioned her no unea-siness, as he had been in the habit of making

siness, as he had been in the habit of making unannounced journeys to London, where he sometimes remained a week. It was supposed that Mr. Marble had a love there which was destined to estrange him from his family.

After three weeks of continued absence, and no return, Mrs. Marble questioned the miller concerning her lord, and was informed that he (Tyler) had paid the money according to agreement, and that the merchant had left the mill by the back door, with the intention of paying ment, and that the merchant nad lett the many by the back door, with the intention of paying a visit to a man named Gordon, a well known poacher, who had upon several occasions furuished the merchant's table with the best of wa-

Mrs. Marble did not prosecute her search far-ther until she lodged information with the au-thorities. She afterwards said that, believing

longer for his return.
The authorities deemed the merchant's ab The authorities deemed the increases as sence an affair of moment, and at once resolved to fathom it. If he had left the mill with £600 or more, it was possible that it had attracted the attention of some evil-doer, who had forci-

matter was dismissed from the gamekoeper's mind.

Two days after, a deal man was found under a shelving bank, not far from the seene of the shot. It was evident that he had been dead for twelve hours. Nobody recognized him, but piece of paper, which had dropped from his hand, told a terrible story; it revealed a secret which must have haunted its guilty possessor, like the ghost of the murdered dead. The document contained blood-stains, and was written in a poor, ragged hand, as follows:

"I am Roswell Gordon, of Tewkesbury, dying from a shot received by Sadbury's gamekeeper, and declare before God, and with the judgment before me, that what I am going to say is true. Three years ago, Calvin Tyler was executed for the murder of David Marble, a merchant. He was innocent. I, Roswell Gordon, did the fleed. It was in this wise: I had a key to the miller shack door, and used to get my flour by theft. I saw Mr. Marble and the miller in the mill. I carried the body into the cellar, and buried it where I had seen the miller put his dead dog, three nights before. The dog I took away, and buried it near my house. I poisoned the animal, for he bothered me at the mill. I got Mr. Marble's money, and gambled it away in London. This is true, for I will soon staud before my God, and I can't die with two murders on my soul. God have merey on my soul. the attention of some evil-doer, who had forcibly made away with the merchant.
Calvin Tyler again asserted that the merchant had met him in the mill on the 23d, by appointment, and that he had there paid him the borrowed money with interest. His story, told in a straight-forward manner, impressed every one, and no one for the time suspected him.
Gordon, the poacher, declared that Marble had not been to his but for two months. The merchant was traced to the mill, but no one had seen him beyond it, and the Bow Street runners reported that he was not in London. His disappearance now began to assume a serious aspectation. appearance now began to assume a serious as-pect. There were several people who testified that the merchant and his debter had quarreled several days prior to the meeting at the mill, and accordingly, Calvin Tyler was arrested for

From the moment of his arrest, a chain From the moment of his arrest, a chain of damning circumstances began to wrap itself around him. He most strenuously denied his guilt, declared that he had paid Mr. Marble the sum of £600 pounds, and parted with him in the best of humor. He opened the mill for inspection, and the constables spent several days in the examination, which extended from cellar to attic. They even probed the darkness of the wheel-house, but found nothing to roward their pains. But while the rigid search was going on outside, evidence was entangling the unfor-

## TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1878.

# Miscellany.

SUMMER'S GOING.

Summer's going! Summer's going!
Den't you hear how nature grieves!
Listes! hark! among the branches.
Hear the gently murmuring leaves
Softly rustling, asdly whispering,
"Summer's going, going soon!"
Ah how little time it seemeth,
Since her roses came with June.

Summer's going! Summer's going!
Out upon the hill-side see,
Golden-red is nodding gaily,
Autumn's harbinger is she;
Cardinal flowers their blossecas showing,
Decked in scatlet's richest dye;
'Mong the grasses, dainty screw-flowers
Lift their heads to say good-bye.

So the Summer's going, going!
Tenderly we'll say good-bye
To her wealth of bud and blossoms,
Song and sunshine, joys gone by.
And, turning towards the glowing Autumn,
With our faces full of cheer.
We will trust fresh coming pleasures,
We shall find through all the year.

## RURKING. An Uncommon Crime Come to Light in Con-necticut—A Man Who Chloroformed His Friend to Death for the Corpoe and Seventy-five Cents—A Young Woman Who Tried to Pawn the Reversion of Her Own Austomy.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Sept 30.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Sept 30.

"I know something that will put him where he ought to be," said Lorena Alexander. She had just returned from New London, where she had gone several days previously with Frank Bassett, captain of the sloop Franklin. Bassett had been arrested in New London by a Bridge-port officer, as soon as the vessel arrived there, on a charge of theft, and brought to Bridgeport. It was "something" of the gravest importance that Lorena knew. She has been, she says, witness to the murder, by Bassett, of Frank Weinbecker. The reason she told of it was, that Bassett, on his return from New London, found that it would go hard with him, unless he could prove that he did not steal the pocket-book which P. McKay, of Vandalia, Ill., had laid down on a fence in front of Bassett's house, in East Bridgeport. McKay had taken out the book, which contained \$68, with a postal card, and after writing on the card, forgot to replace the book in his pocket. Two girls saw this, and saw Bassett pick it up. They informed the police, and this caused the arrest in New London. Lorena Alexander was Bassett's mistress. They lived in a room fitted up in an old carriage factory, and the furniture Lorena claimed as hers; but Bassett, when arraigned here for theft, having only \$10 left of McKay's money, sold the furniture in order to employ counsel. He, however, was convicted of theft and locked up, and when Lorena found their home bereft of all its scanty comforts, she said, "I know something that will put him where he ought to be."

comforts, she said, "I know something that will put him where he ought to be."

City Attorney Holt and Chief of Police Marsh closely pressed Lorena, and she finally told, with many tears, the whole story of the murder. She many tears, the whole story of the murder. She said that Weinbecker, who was otherwise known as "Stuttering Jack," and "Jack Rafus," an inoffensive fellow, whose only vice was drunkenness, on the night of the 10th of last May, came home with Bassett, at the latter's invitation, to supper. Bassett had resolved to kill Weinbecker, solely for the paltry sum of money he was supposed to have about him, as pay for one month's services as a deck hand on a coasting vessel, amounting to less than \$5, and for the amount his hady would bring, when sold to the faculty his body would bring, when sold to the faculty of the Yale Medical School, in New Haven. The total sum to be realized would not aggregate \$50. Weinbecker, after supper, was persuaded to lie down on a sofa. He had been drinking during the day, and if there was any eagerness in Bassett's manner, which might have awakened elarm, he was not in the proper condition to observe it. He soon fell asleep. Bassett had previously provided himself with a two-ounce bettle of chloroform. Wetting a sponge with the liquid, he placed it against Weinbecker's nostrils, where he held it. Lorena said that she asked Bassett what he was about. "Shut up, or

where he held it. Lorena said that she asked Bassett what he was about. "Shut up, or I will serve you the same way," was the response. She was frightened, and gave no alarm, though she started once or twice to do so, but was deterred when Bassett swore at her savagely. She contented herself with remonstrating as the gasps of the doomed man grew fainter and fainter. When there was no sign of life, Bassett looked in Weinbecker's pockets, but found therein only seventy-five cents. He then prepared to make some disposition of the body. Lorena Alexander had one child, and in order to provide for its necessities, she went to New Lorena Alexander had one child, and in order to provide for its necessities, she went to New Haven, some time ago, and proposed to Dr. Sauford, of the medical faculty, that he should advance her some money, and have in return her body for dissection, when she died. Dr. Sanford would not make any bargain with her; but, according to her story, offered to purchase the bodies of any of her friends. When she came home, she told Bassett of her visit, and he said that they might get hold of a body and "make a stake."

home, she told Bassett of her visit, and he said that they might get hold of a body and "make a stake."

There was an empty flour barrel in a corner of the scantily furnished room. Bassett now drew this out, and tried to force into it the body of his victim. But it would not go in with all the clothing on, and Bassett, with a pair of seissors, cut the coat in two pieces, and pulled the garment away, and took off the shoes. Then the head was pressed against the knees, and the body squeezed into the barrel, the head of which was nailed on securely. The barrel was then rolled to a corner of the room. During the enactment of the tragedy, Lorena said that she had been compelled to wet the sponge as the chloroform evaporated, but she did not touch the body. The next morning Bassett brought a horse and wagon to the door, loaded in the barrel, and started for New Haven, taking along Lorena and the child, a wan-faced little thing of about four years. By the time Dr. Sanford's office in New Haven was reached, Bassett had evidently lost courage, and he ordered the woman to go in and try to sell the body. Excited and weeping she entered, but Dr. Sanford refused to purchase unless a proper death certificate was shown him. Turning around, Bassett drove over country roads, through West Haven, Derby, Birmiugham, and Shelton, until he came to a wild and dismal place, on an unfrequented road, in the town of Huntington, four miles from Shelton, and eleven miles from Bridgeport. There was no house nearer than half a mile, and no one was in sight. From the road, the hillside slopes abruptly down for sixty feet, to a patch of underbrosh and luxuriant weeds. The barrel was lifted out of the wagon, placed on the brow of the hill, and sent bounding down into the brush, being stopped finally by a large stoue. In such a place it might have lain for years undiscovered.

The coat and shoes, Lorens asid, were carried out into the yard, and beried under a chicken coop. It was easy to determine whether this part of the story was true, though

The coat and shoes, Lorens said, were carried out into the yard, and buried under a chicken coop. It was easy to determine whether this part of the story was true, though the tale did not command complete credence, for several people in Bridgeport said they had seen Weinbecker later than May. The shoes and coat were, nevertheless, found where she said, on Saturday, the day the story was told. Chief Marsh and a police officer then took Lorena and her child in a wagon, and retraced the road to New Haven. Dr. Sanford had no difficulty in recollecting the visit, and said that he had not mentioned the occurrence to any one. Leaving the city, the woman could not speak with confidence of the exact route taken to the place where the barrel was disposed of. After some time, however, the spot was reached and identified. The woman cried when the police officer went down the hill, but made no remark. A deadly smell assailed the nostrils of the officer. Going carefully along among the underbrush, he came to the barrel. One head had been jolted out when the barrel colled down the hill, and the head was disclosed. The officer had to ransack the neighborhood for help to place the barrel on poles in the rear of the wagon. The barrel head was disclosed. Although decomposition had rendered the body unrecognizable, there remained certain articles of clothing and a ring which might serve as a

means of identification. A jury of inquest met, this forenoon, Justice Walter Goddard acting as Coroner. Bassett was in Jail, not having served out his full sentence for theft. At noon, the jury adjourned, having heard no testimes and interest and the control of the control o adjourned, having heard not testimony outside of the line of identification, except that Wein-becker was alive on the 12th of July. Geo. F. Hummiston testified that "them shoes are Jack's to death," and thought a ring taken from the body was similar to one worn customarily by Weinbecker. Two witnesses swore positively that he was alive July 4. John Wyncoop left a vessel, on which he and Weinbecker had sailed,

vessel, on which he and Weinbecker had sailed, on the night of July 12, in company with Weinbecker, who had \$4 in his pocket, which he had just been paid, and Wyncoop drank with him. He identified positively a memorandum book taken from a pocket.

This being the closing day of the present term of the Superior Court, it was decided by State Attorney Olmstead to bring Bassett before the Court, to secure his commitment, so that he Attorney Olmstead to bring Bassett before the Court, to secure his commitment, so that he might appear at the opening of the next criminal term. He did not know that the body had been found, until this morting, and, when told, accused the woman of the murder. The indictment presented in the court this afternoon, accused both of murder in the first degree, in causing Weinbecker's death, by administering two onnees of chloroform. When the woman came into court—she had previously been to Bassett's house with the officers, and identified the chloroform bottle, which was found under the floor—she took a seat outside the dock. Bassett looked at her a minute, and she returned the glance, looking him steadily in the face, and he then he dropped his eyes, and they did not face giance, looking him sleadily in the face, and he then be dropped his eyes, and they did not face each other again. A commitment was granted, and they both went to jail. The team has been identified, the place where the chloroform was purchased found, and there is no doubt but that the marder occurred as narrated above, though the murder occurred as narrated above, though there seems to be equal grounds for supposing the woman guilty. She concealed her knowl-edge of the crime for over two months, and it was she who offered the body to Dr. Sanford. The remainder of the hearing before the Coroner's jury will occur to-morrow forenoon.—Special to

#### NAPOLEON'S OLD SOLDIER DEAD. Major August Rullman, who Pollowed Him From Ulm to Waterloo.

Major August Rullman, one of the oldest soldiers of Napoleon I., whom he followed through all his European campaigns subsequent to 1805, beginning at Ulm and ending at Waterloo, diet in Newark, on Sunday, in his ninety-seventh year. Major Rullman, who was born at Erfurt, in 1781, came to this country in 1834. His son, Frederick Rullman, keeps the theatre ticket office at 111, Broadway. Major Rullman received a military education, and began active service in the Chasseurs a Cheval, in 1805. The story of his military life is like a romance. Few men a military education, and began active service in the Chasscurs a Cheval, in 1805. The story of his military life is like a romance. Few men have fought in so many battles as he, and survived. He was at Austerlitz, Auerstadt, Jena, and Erfurt. He went safe through the awful slaughter of Eylau. He fought at Friedland, Somosierra, Ratisbon, Essling, Aspern, and Wagram. He followed the great Emperor, whom he almost idolized, in the terrible invasion of Bussia, and was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor for his bravery in capturing a Russian cannon and howitzer in the fight of Witepski. He was in all the hard fought battles that opened the way to Moscow, and he suffered the agonies of cold, hunger, fatigne, and desperation that beset the French army in its famous retreat. He escaped through the horrors of the passage of the Bereeina, and again followed the Emperor in the terrible campaigns of 1813 and 1814.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba, Major Rullman was one of the first to enrol himself in the army that the Emperor collected with such marvelous rapidity, for his last campaign. He shared in the glory of Napoleon's last victories at Charleroi and Quatre Bras, and fought on the field of Waterloo. That ended his military career. When Napoleon abdicated, Major Rullman retired to civil life in Germany. Nothing, he said, could persuade him to serve under Louis XVIII.

he said, could persuade him to serve under Louis

XVIII.

In all these years of fighting, Major Rullman suffered only four wounds of any consequence. On the Island of Loban, where he was with the part of the French army that was cut off for a time by the destruction of a bridge, he was wounded in the head by an explosion, and was afterward quartered in the house of the Baron you Kuurr, in the captured city of Vienna, until he prepayered. He received a salare cut in the e recovered. He received a sabre cut in the hand at Ostronova, was stabbed with a lance at Widespi, and was shot in the right leg in the

Widespi, and was shot in the right leg in the fight near Montmartre.

Major Rullman was fond of telling the story of his battles. He pictured vividly the struggle at Lobau, and described with what enthusiasm the soldiers imprisoned on the island saw Napoleon in the throng of workers on the opposite shore, wading in the river and helping with his own hands, to reconstruct the bridge upon which their safety depended. Major Rullman's description of how he escaped through the River Beresina, on the retreat from Moscow, seemed almost incredible. He succeeded, in the ront and confusion, in obtaining a horse, and then, hurried resistlessly on, by the pressure of the eager thousands behind, he and his horse were pushed over the ice wall into the freezing water. The river was choked with drowning water. The river was choked with drowning men and horses and jagged pieces of floating ice. It was a battle for life, not only with the water, men and horses and jagged pieces of floating icc. It was a battle for hie, not only with the water, but with hundreds of straggling men, who were madly clutching every object that might save them. Major Rullman's strong horse bore him safely through this terrible stream, but the opposite bank was piled from four to six feet high with broken ice, rendered more shippery by the passage of drifting thousruds. Over this barrier, his horse could not climb. At every attempt he fell back into the ice cold water. Then Major Rullman bethought him of a small trunk that was strapped to his saddle, and which contained a quantity of rich woman's apparel. He obtained a footing for his horse, and wrapped some of these garments around the horse's feet. This enabled the animal to clamber over the icy barrier, carrying his rider safely to firm land. Of this iertible passage, Major Rullman used to say: "There is no pen, peucil, language, or any mode of explanation that can describe it. "At Wilns, where he arrived in a pitiable plight, Major Rullman was kindly treated by two Polish Jews, who furnished him with food and clothing, and who afterward, when news was received that the Russians were approaching, took him in a sleigh, and drove all night, never leaving him until they had placed him in safety across the Niemen. Major Rullman always spake of these generous strangers, with the most affectionate regard.

Major Rullman always retained his love and reverence for the great Captain, in following whose fortunes he had suffered so much. His

Major Rullman always retained his love and reverence for the great Captain, in following whose fortunes he had suffered so much. His eye would light with its old fire when he dwelt on the glories of the victories that he had helped to win, and on the power and splendor of Napoleon's empire. He would never suffer detraction of his hero's fame or character, and he became eloquent in his denunciations of England's treacherous treatment of the vanquished foeman, who voluntarily placed himself in her hands. For Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's jailer at St. Helena. Major Rullman expressed a lastat St. Helena, Major Rullman expressed a last ing hatred and contempt.—N. Y. San.

A FIAT Cow.— The New York World proposes to utilize the "Yaller Dog," by printing on his slab sides: "This is a \$56,000 Duchess cow," or, "This is a prize short-horn bull." By doing this, it says, the addition to the national wealth would be stunendous, and as the animals could not be it says, the addition to the national wearin would be stupendous, and as the animals could not be exported, they would, to quote the greenbackers, be the source and basis of values at home. It will thus be seen that yellow dogs have their value, for if a piece of paper with the legend, "This is a dollar," is a dollar, a dog marked, "This is a \$26,000 Duchess cow," would be the

THE MUSERAT HEARD FROM .- The muskra has been heard from just in time to prevent em-barrassing mistakes. His architecture is of the lofty, Mausard variety, indicating plenty of cold to the square inch, during the approaching win-ter. Now, stock up your woodpiles, for this is a sure thing.—Sank Rapide (Minn.) Press.

WHEN our government can buy promises promises, this will be the land of promise.

### OCTOBER. BY THOMAS S. COLLIER. Bending beneath his load, October comes, With dreamy depths of gray-blue sky. And so oke wreaths floating over quiet ho That in the valleys lie

Among the few lone flowers the honey bees Roam restlessly, and fail to find

The Summer morning dew's rich, fragrant leas June's roses held enshrined.

The purple grapes hang ready for the kiss Of red lips sweeter than their wine; And 'mid the urning leaves they soon will miss The crimson apples' shine.

Larily through the soft and sun-lit air
The great hawks fly, and give no heed
To the sweet sengaters that toward the fair,
Far lands of Summer speed.

Along the hills, wild asters bend to greet The roadside's wealth of golden-rod; And by the fences the bright sumachs meet The morning light of God.

Slowly the shadows of the clouds drift o'er. The hillsides, clad in opal haze, Wher gorgeous butterflies seek the rich store. Of flower-spent Summer days.

All clad in dusted gold, the tall class stand Just in the edges of the wood; Ard near he chestnut sentinels the lend, And shows its russet hood.

The maple flaonts its scerlet banners where The marsh lies clad in shining mist; The mountain oak shows, in the clear, bright air, Its crown of amethyst. Where, like a silver line, the sparkling stream Flows nurm ring through the meadows brown, Amid the radiance, seeming a sad dream, A sailless heat floats down.

All day and night a glory seems to fold The wide land where October stands, With leaves of green and scarlet, brown and gold, Fast failing from his hands.

His is the presence that with gladness crowns The long, long days of toil and care; His bright smile shining where November frowns, With snow rime in his hair.

# Cincinnati in Ye Olden Time-Port Wash-ington-The First Log Church-The Pio-neer School-John Cleves Symmes' Pur-

The date of the arrival of the settlers upon The date of the arrival of the settlers upon the site of Cincinnati proper has not, and perhaps never will be, accurately determined.

Compilers of the history of Hamilton County are not agreed upon the date of the landing of the colonists, who built the first log houses opposite the mouth of Licking River, on the north bank of the Ohio, but as they differ but a few days at most their accounts are near amount the days at most, their accounts are near enough the truth for all practical purposes. One point is settled beyond controversy, that is, that the first houses built in this vicinity were built near the mouth of the Little Miami River, and that the site of these rude structures of the early days is now that of a portion of Columbia, at present within the corporate limits of Cicinnati. The pioneers that laid out this village, called then as now, Columbia, arrived at its site in November, 1788.

ber, 1788.

The party, made up of eighteen or twenty persons, was led by Major Benjamin Stites. Major Stites purchased 10,000 acres of land from John Cleves Symmes, a member of Congress from New Jersey. Major Stites proposed joining Symmes in the purchase of the tract of land of which this 10,000 acres was a part, but Symmes, after visiting this section of country, purchased the tract theu supposed to cover one million acres, but which, on actual survey, was reduced to less than 600,000 acres in his own name, and from Mr. Symmes, Major Stites purchased as above.

chased as above.

Among those who accompanied Major Stites were Cel. Spencer, Major Gano, Judge Goforth, Major Kibbey, Rev. John Smith, Judge Foster, Colonel Brown, Captain Flinn, Jacob White, Francis Dunlavey, John Riley, and a Mr. Hubbell. Many of the descendants of these hardy pioneers are now representative business men of the Paris of America, which, in the days of their

The second party settling in this vicinity was formed at Limestone (Maysville, Ky...) under the leadership of Mathias Deuman and Robert Patterson, amounting to twelve or fifteen in numerical control of the control of leadership of Mathias Denman and Robert Pat-terson, amounting to twelve or fifteen in num-ber. There is a conflict of anthority as to the date of their landing here. Cist says: "It is agreed by all that the party left Limestone De-cember 24, 1788, and the fact that the river was full of ice at the time renders all conclusions founded on probability unavailable." Henry Howe, in history of Hamilton County, says: "Af-ter much difficulty and danger, caused by float-ing ice in the river, they landed opposite the mouth of the Licking on the 24th of December, 1788." Israel Ludlow and Colonel Patterson, many years after, in a chancery suit, stated that many years after, in a chancery suit, stated that they landed opposite the mouth of the Licking in January, 1789. Wm. McMillan, a member of

the same party, testified, however, that they "landed and commenced the settlement of Cin-cinnati, December 29, 1788."

The third party which left Limestone for the ourpose of settling on the Miami purchase, ar-ived at their destination, North Bend, early in February, 1789. This party was under the immediate care of Jadge Symmes, then the owner of nearly 600,000 acres of land located in the Northwestern Territory, now the State of Ohie. Hamilton County was the second County es-ablished in the Northwestern Territory, and the first in the Symmes purchase. It was formed January 2, 1790, by proclamation of Gov-ernor St. Clair, and named in honor of General Alex. Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treas-

Was the name adopted for the proposed town by the pioneers of Cincinnati. The name was selected at the instance of some pedantic foreigner before the party left Limestone. The name, he said, was formed from the words Le os ante rille, which he rendered the village opposite. "The village opposite the mouth."

A very general belief formerly prevailed here, that Cincinnati was at one time really called Lozanterille, and that it was owing to certain arguments used by Gov. St. Clair that the change was made. This view is incorrect. Cincinnati it was, is and shall be, though why it was not Lozanteville, can not, at this day, be derermined.

mined.

The first houses built there, were, of course, log structures, and were erected on East Front street, near Main. In January, 1789, the town was laid out and street corners marked upon the

was laid out and street corners marked upon the trees.

This survey extended from Eastern Row, (Broadway) to Western Row, (Central avenue) and from the river to Northern Row, (Seventh street). The population of the future Queen City and Paris of America was then eleven families and twenty-four unmarried men, dwelling in eighteen or twenty cabins, located adjacent to the present landing, between Walnut street and Broadway. Up to this date, the noble red man committed no depredations. Fish and game were plenty, and formed the greater part of the settler's bill of fare. The first BLOCK HOUSES

were built in June and July 1789, by Major Donghty, who came here from Fort Harmar with 140 men. The work was begun immediately upon his arrival, and the houses were located nearly opposite the mouth of the Licking. When these were completed, he began the erection of "Fort Washington," one of the most remarkable structures of its day and kind. It was completed in November, 1789, and on the 29th of the succeeding month was occupied by General Harmar and 300 men. Fort Washington was built of hewed logs, was about 180 feet square, and was located immediately on the line of Third street, between Broadway and Lawrence streets. It was formed into barracks two stories streets. It was formed into barracks two stories high, and was connected at the corners by high pickets or bastions which projected ten feet on either side, so that cannon could be brought to sweep the sides of the fort. An appendage to the fort, inclosed with palisades leading to a block house, was the small triangular space devoted to the artificers of the establishment. The fort was whitewashed, and at a little distance presented a very imposing appearance. Within this inclosure was the "Yellow House," built for the Quartermaster General. On the north side of streets. It was formed into barracks two stories

Fourth street, in the rear of the fort, Col. Sargent built a convenient frame dwelling. Dr. Allison, the Surgeon General of the Army, built a frame dwelling in the centre of a large lot on the east side of the fort. He cultivated fruit and vegetables extensively, and his place was known as "Peach Grove."

"Peach Grove."

One inducement to settlers was the offer made them by Mathias Denman, purchaser of section 18, and a fraction of section 17. He agreed to give each an in-lot of nearly half an acre, and an out-lot of about four acres, on condition that the same should be occupied and improved. The proprietors of these sections took possession in September, 1788, but it was not till the time above noticed that the formation of the town really began.

above noticed that the same that the really began.

Mr. Deuman associated with him in his purchase Israel Ludlow and Colonel Robert Patterson, and the land was purchased. (800 acres,) for five shillings per acre, in Continental Certificates, worth in specie, about five shillings to the pound, so that the specie price per acre was about fiteen pance.

#### THE FIRST CHURCH

rected in Cincinnati was erected in 1792. The subscription paper, which is still, it is said, in existence, is dated January 16, 1792. Among its signers were General Wilkinson, Captains Ford, Peters, Elliott and Shaylor, Dr. Allison and others, to the number of 106, not one of whom survived till 1848. This chorch was known as the First Presbyterian Church, and was located on Main street, opposite the east side of the building now occupied by the First Presbyterian Congregation. It was a substantial frame building, 40 feet by 30, inclosed by clapboards, but was neither plastered nor ceiled. The floor was of boat plank, supported by wooden blocks. The old church was removed to Vine street below Fifth in 1814, where it remained till 1848,

when it was torn down.

The first school-house, the foreparent, so to speak, of the present splendid school buildings, was located on the north side of Fourth street, near the site of the Merchants' Exchange Building. It was of frame, rude in construction, and was neither plastered or ceiled.

#### THE PLANETS IN OCTOBER. Boings of Other Worlds Than Ours During the Present Month.

Saturn will retain during the month the pre-eminence of being the most interesting planet among the brotherhood. Having so recently passed his opposition with the sun, he is still nearly in his brightest phase, and is also very favorably situated for observation. He rises now about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and reach-es the meridian at 11. At the close of the month he will rise not far from 3 o'clock. He is therehe will rise not far from 3 o'clock. He is there fore visible throughout the whole night, and is readily recognized in the eastern sky as soon as it is dark enough for the stars to appear by his steady light and the absence of other stars in

his immediate vicinity.

Jupiter remains during the month an evening star, and the most brilliant object among the myriad stars that stud the sky, although he has passed beyond his best position for observation. He reaches the meridian about 7 o'clock, and sets just before midnight. At the end of the mouth he will set about 10 o'clock.

mouth he will set about 10 o'clock.

Venus still leads the morning stars, and is fast approaching the sun. She rises now about half past 4, a little more than an hour before sunrise. At the end of the month she will not rise till rearly 6 o'clock, and will be then so near the sun as to be almost eclipsed in his rays. The close proximity of Venus and Mercury have made them objects of special interest to star gazers during the last week of September.

Mercury is a morning star until the 24th, and on the first of the month rises and sets at almost

on the first of the month rises and sets at almost exactly the same time with Venus, but it is too near the sun to be seen. He is in conjunction with Mars on the 12th, in superior conjunction with the sun on 24th, and in conjunction with the sun on 24th, and in conjunction with visible they are not of much practical import-

ance.

Mars is numbered among the morning stars, but as he rises about half past five he is still too near the sun to be seen in the morning twilight. At the last of the month he rises not far from 6 o'clock, nearly three-quarters of an hour before

the sun, and bright eyes may possibly catch a glimpse of the ruddy star. Uranus cannot be seen in October, unless it be

Uranus cannot be seen in October, unless it be with a telescope, in the early morning.

Neptune is at his brightest, for he comes into opposition with the sun on the 31st; but it requires a good telescope to get a sight of this star, whose mean distance from the sun is more than 2,700,000,000 of miles.

The October moon comes into conjunction with Jupiter on the 4th, the evening after her first quarter. She is in conjunction with Saturn on the 9th, two days before her full. On the 25th she is near Mercury. Venus, and Mars, but as the 9th, two days before her full. On the 25th she is near Mercury, Venus, and Mars, but as this is the day for the new moon, the celestial quarter will only be visible to the eye of the imagination. The planetary phenomena of the mouth are singularly monotonous, but all days cannot be field days in celestial annals, and the months are swiftly passing that will carry us to the opposition of Mars, in 1879, as well as the years that will intervene before the transit of Venus, in 1882.—Providence Journal.

#### Foreign Coins in Our Circulation. Section 3.584 of the Revised Statutes, declaring

Section 3,534 of the Kevissa Statutes, declaring that "no foreign gold or silver coin shall be le-gal tender in the payment of debts," beside re-ducing the Mexican dollar to its mere value as bullion—about 895 cents—also reduced the value of other foreign coins which have attained a of other foreign coins which have attained a greater or less circulation in this country. The Mexican dollar, however, has a much greater circulation here than any other foreign gold or silver coin. The other coins affected and cut off are Canadian 50 cent, 25-cent, 20-cent, 10-cent, and 5 cent pieces; English fractional silver—shillings and sixpences—and a limited number of German, French, and South American pieces. Next tho the Mexican dollar, there are more Canadian than any other foreign coins in circulation in the United States. A large number of them, of the various denominations mentioned lation in the United States. A large number of them, of the various denominations mentioned above, pass rapidly in New England and along the northern border in the most of the western States at their face value. Legally they are not worth near so much. The Canadian 50-cent piece is worth as buillion, only about 394 cents, 25-cent piece only 194 cents, and the other pieces in proportion. The English shilling is the third in point of circulation of the foreign coins in this country. It has been brought over by emigrants, or came down through Canada. It passes for 25 cents. It is worth only about 19 cents. The French, German, and South American gold and silver in this country came through the agency of emigrants. Its quantity is very small.—Washington Star.

We shall soon laugh at the extreme eccentric-We shall soon laugh at the extreme eccentricities of these financial teachers, and at every man who was so thoughtless as to listen to them. "What a fool I was to believe it," will be the jocular self-reproach of many an honest man. Two things may now be safely predicted of the future: The American people, without sectional diveisions or exceptions, will return to a sound currency like other sensible nations, and will pay their national obligations like other honest nations. We shall have first good money, and next plenty of it. Money is good when every dollar of it in circulation, whether of silver or gold or paper currency, is equal in of silver or gold or paper currency, is equal in purchasing power to any other dollar in circulation.—Ben. Hill.

A TABLET to commemorate the banging of the lantern in the Old North Church, Boston, on the memorable occasion of Paul Revere's midnight ride, was placed in position on Christ Church, Boston, on Thursday last. The tablet is ten feet eight inches long, six feet four inches wide, and ten inches thick. It is of granite, and bears the following inscription: "The signal lanterns of Paul Revere, displayed in the steeple of this church, April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Coucord."

From the telegrams sent from Memphis it is apparent that the charitable North may now rest from its labors. Its royal munificence has been fully adequate to the demands of suffering, and the glory of this transcends that of a hundred conquests.—New Orleans Times.

## GOING A NUTTING.

BY LOUISE S. UPRAM.

Hast forgotten one October.

When the leaves, all red and gold,
Tinted hill-side, glade and meadow,
Maple grove, and open wold;
How the bounte lads and lassies,
In the cheery harvest weather,
Laden with their wicker baskets,
All a nutting went together?

Hast forgotten how the laddies

Bent the burdened branches dewn;
How they climbed the trees, and shool
For their treasures ripe and brown!
Then the lassies, with gay laughter,
Made so bright the hazy weather,
That the laddies said: "Hereafter
We'll a nutting go together."

But the glad years stole the roses From each fair and winsome face; And the sad years robbed the lassies Of their forms of rural grace; And these sober men and matrons, In the busy harvest weather, Little dream of leaving labor,

Yet from bending laden branches, Still the nuts come rattling down. And still other lads and lassies

And still other hads and lassies
Garner harvests rich and brown:
Leaves turn red, and sere, and golden
In the mellow harvest weather:
And youth learn love's story olden,
While a nutting there together.

What to youth are crowns of silver, Tolling hands and weary feet!

I willing hands and weary feet!
Age is but a far-off future,
And the present still is sweet.
Youth will ever build love's castles,
In the gladsome, cheery weather,
And will gather sunny harvosts,
While a nutting all together.

### The Eccentric Old Man Whose Opinion Have Weight With Some People.

Lewiston, Mr., Sep. 21.—An hour's ride from the bustling little cities of Lewiston and An-burn, up through the pleasant Androscoggiu Valley, with its fertile farms and flourishing Valley, with its fertile farms and flourishing manufacturing villages, brings one to the door of an unpainted two-story, old-fashioned house in Turner, where dwells the famous chief and founder of the National movement in this State—Solon Chase. A knock at the door brings a red nosed, bald-headed, stoop-shouldered, intelligent looking, badly dressed man of about sixty to answer the summons, and the visitors receive a cordial invitation to enter. "Come right in: always glad to see you," remarks the aforein; always glad to see you," remarks the afore-said individual, as he ushers the visitors into a pleasant sitting room, the floor and table of which are literally strewed with papers and writing materials.

writing materials.
"Yes," said Mr. Chase, in answer to your cor-"Yes," said Mr. Chase, in answer to your cor-respondent's interrogation. "Yes; sir. I am go-ing to Illinois for three weeks. I have the first meeting in Chicago, Mouday night." And he beamed as he thought of the crowds and ap-plause—and may be the \$100 a night and expen-ses. After congratulating the chronicle maker upon his good fortune, your reporter quietly al-luded to the late election. The mere word was sufficient to wake the old man up, and his eyes sunapped as he said:

snapped as he said:
"Yes, sir; it was

AN EYE OPENER, "Rather. But what do you propose to do

now!"

"Keep it up, sir; keep it up. Oh, that little rag baby that you fellows have made so much fun of, was quite a chap after all. What fools you Democrats were. If you couldn't win, why didn't you get out of the way of the car when you saw it coming! We might have carried everything." And he sighed, as he thought of how he didn't get elected to Congress.

"Why, sir," said Mr. Chase, getting enthusiastic, and rubbing his hands together, "the National party will sweep the country in 1880, as never a party swept a country before. It is a

never a party swept a country before. It is a new crusade. I tell you, Jim Blaine and his ring have got to step down and out. I tell you, there's a mighty big storm coming, and the thieves who have been running the old ship of

State, have got to get under cover before bursts."
"What do you think of Butler's chances !" "What do you think of Butler's chances?"
"Good; extremely good. The result here in
Maine has sent a thrill of hope clear to the finger
tips of the Nationals in Massachusetts. Ben.
was always popular with the workingmen of
the Bay State. The shoemakers of Lynn, and
the operatives of Lowell, Lawrence, and Fall
River will have something to do about making
a political slate this year, as well as the blue
bloods of Bacon Street."

"That's right; wake 'em up. But who's run-"Oh, I've got the Chairman of the County Committee to look after it. The boys run it while I was off during the canvass, but it needs my head there to regulate it. They got a little mad sometimes, and that spoils everything."

"You had quite a poultry show after election,"

emarked a gentleman in the party. SOLON'S EYE TWINKLED. "We did, that's a fact. So did the Standard,

but it hadn't any right to. Eben Pillsbury has been robbing the Greenback henroest." But Mr. Chase seemed a little preoccupied But Mr. Chase seemed a little preoccupied curing the interview. Ever and anon he would glance furtively at a roll of manuscript on the desk and at a pile of Congressional Globes on the table. The great commoner's mind was evidently far away in the fertile prairies of the West, or forging a political thunderbolt, perhaps to be launched at the heads of the Chicagonan next Monday.

haps to be launched at the heads of the Chica-goans next Monday.

Not wishing to disturb his honest meditations, our party bid him adies, and drove up into the door-yard of an old-fashioned house, a little back from the road, where a white-headed man was from the road, where a white-headed man was busily engaged in the classical occupation of sorting potatoes. After passing the compliments of the day, your correspondent alluded to Mr. Chase, whereupon a queer sort of smile lit up the face of the overbucolic friend for a moment, and he said: "Know Solon Chase! Why, bless ye, I've known him, man and boy, for more than fifty years." A few adroit words were sufficient to loosen the old gentleman's tongue, and he rattled on volubly: "Solon was always a visionary cuss. I know when he and I were boys, and went to school together in the old red school house you see youder,

that the human eye could control the most savage beast. Dad had a bear which he got up in the logging swamp, which he used to keep chained in the yard. He was savage as thunder, and we boys used to plague the critter with firebrands. One day, Solon said that he was going to tame the beast in the way he had read about in the newspaper. So the darned fool marched right up to the varmint, staring at him with all his might. The bear retreated to the end of his chain, and then made a spring at poor Solom, and if it hadn't been for dad, he wouldn't be running a greenback paper now, you bet. Haw! haw! haw!" and the old man leaned back and laughed heartily, at this reminiscence of his younger days. "Oh, Solon sin't no fool. He don't like to work over and above well, and kinder took to books. He passed a good examination for West Point once, but the committee rejected his application because he HE GOT THE NOTION INTO HIS HEAD mmittee rejected his application

HAD PIMPLES ON HIS FACE.

His father left him a handsome property, and he has managed to get along pretty well; but he will never set the river afire. He was always a great friend of the poor man. It is his best holt." Solon Chase belongs to that class of philosophers of which Socrates, Ben. Franklin and Horace Greeley are the great representatives. He possesses a fond of what might be roughly denominated horse sense. He had the foresight to perceive that the financial legislation of the past sighteen years has been ful of errors, and that a rebellion against it must ultimately ensue. After trying for years for office in the Democratic party without any astonishing success, he transferred himself, bag and baggage, to the doctrine of rag money, which was just beginning to be wafted from the West. He has played the part of wet nurse to the rag baby in an admirable manner, and the results would seem to indicate that he has not been wasting his awestness on the desert air. Although no scholar, Solon knows a thing or two. He never read a work on political economy in his life, except some of Henry Carey Bird's tracts.—Boston Herald. HAD PIMPLES ON HIS FACE.